

## ABILENE REFLECTOR

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### THAT MISERABLE "IF."

I.  
She has grace,  
And a face  
That attracts,  
And she plays the first role;  
And no one would be  
So happy as he—  
If she only could hide that big mole!

II.  
He has wealth,  
And he has health,  
And can have, at command,  
Anything that his fancy may please;  
And no one would be  
So happy as he—  
If his pants didn't bug at the knees!

III.  
We are all—  
Short and tall,  
Young and old, rich and poor—  
Yes, we're all of us in the same skin;  
How happy we'd be  
If we only could see  
Where it is not that miserable "if."

—Columbus Dispatch.

## THE MODERN HERCULES.

Joe Call and Some of His Wonderful Feats.

A Good-Natured, Jovial Samson Who Had the Strength of Eight Men—How He Once Killed an English Bully Who Challenged Him.

Just a century ago several members of the Platt family, who then resided in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., formed a colony which embraced the Bully and Ferris families with others of their townsmen, and located at the mouth of the Saranac river in the northern wilderness of that State, giving to the settlement its present name of Plattsburgh. The influence and comparative wealth in those days of these first colonists induced a large number of Quaker families in Dutchess County to change their homes for the heavily timbered and farming lands of Clinton County, then open to settlers, whose cabins soon extended over the town of Plattsburgh, Peru and Ausable, between the Saranac and the Ausable rivers on the western shore of Lake Champlain. Among those of the early "nineties" were the Keese and Arnold families, whose descendants still own and occupy the choicest lands in that locality. There were two brothers, Oliver and Richard Keese, from whom the village of Keeseville, on the Ausable river, was subsequently named.

Upon the discovery of iron in 1806 a new emigration set in from the towns along the Hudson river, and from Vermont and New Hampshire; and within the following ten years iron operations were commenced on the Bonnet, Ausable and Saranac rivers. It was during this period that Joseph Call, then a young man, first appeared in that locality, and in 1816 he became a junior partner in the firm then known as the "Keeseville Rolling and Siding Mill Company," of which Oliver and Richard Keese were also members. He was under the carpenter and blacksmith trades, and first exhibited his Herculean powers in the construction of dams, saw-mills and manufacturing on the Ausable river. Many living today remember him well, and his strength was so great, it is said, that a timber requiring eight men to place in position was handled easily by Call alone. He was in no sense a fighting man or even a pugilist, but a plain, unpretentious workman, who never realized his own superiority, but was always ready to engage in any friendly wrestling or test of strength. His fame extended throughout New York and Vermont and over the Eastern portion of the Canadas. With his legs hooked around a tree a yoke of oxen were unable to break his hold. In driving from Keeseville to Lewis in winter he met a number of teams hauling over the driveway of Willshire mountain leaving scarcely room to pass. The teamsters purposely blocked the way, and gathered about the stranger in a threatening manner as he attempted to drive by. Stepping out of his sleigh he simply extended his hands between their legs, tossing them two at a time over their teams into the ravine below.

E. P. Walton, the Vermont historian, under date of February 1, 1887, writes of him as follows: "Among the celebrated men I have seen is Joe Call. It was at Anson's tavern in Essex, N. Y., about the year 1826. He was somewhat above medium size, large without being excessively fat, compactly built, as spry as a cat, and of a jovial disposition. I saw him play a little in wrestling, but of course with no one who could begin to match him. Of the many accounts of his prowess I remember only two—one was that a man came on horseback from a distant State, I think it was Kentucky, to challenge Joe to a trial of strength. He found him in his hay-field and stated his business, whereupon Joe playfully seized him and threw him over the fence. The other incident occurred at Plattsburgh, where Joe was wrestling. He threw his opponent, but fell upon him with such force as to kill the unfortunate man."

Moore Conger, of Chicago, who came from Western New York, relates that on one occasion a champion wrestler called at Joe's house and found no one at home but a young sister. He informed her that he had come a great ways to wrestle with her brother, and asked if he could wait until he returned. She informed him that it was unnecessary; that Joe would not return until late, and that she usually did the wrestling when he was away; then suddenly seizing her visitor by the slack of his trousers she tossed him through the upper half of the open door into the road. After rising he made an obliging bow and remarked that if she would throw his horse to him he would start for home.

Joseph Call left a son Joe, who was also a plain, easy-going man, making no pretensions to physical prowess, although reported to possess nearly the strength of his father. Young Joe, as he was called, was until his death in the employ of the Rogers Iron Company, at Ausable Forks. Its president, Henry D. Graves, under date of February 5, 1887, furnishes the following information concerning the family: "Joseph Call, son of old Joe, died nearly two

years ago, and there are none of his family now living near us. One son and the widow of young Joe live in the town of North Elba, and I have learned that the widow has an old Bible with the record in relation to the birth, death, etc., of Old Joe. A good many years ago there was a life of Joe Call published, but I think it will be impossible to find one now. I have found an old book entitled 'Daring Exploits and Perilous Adventures,' which has an article on Joe Call, the 'Modern Hercules,' which gives some of his exploits."

The following chapter is taken from a book published at New Haven, Conn., by L. H. Young, about sixty years ago, and is entitled 'Joe Call, the Modern Hercules.' "There are incidents in the life of every individual, however insignificant his station may be in society, which, if fairly written out, would be looked upon by the sneering wise-aces of this skeptical age as little better than sheer fiction. But the true philosopher, with a deeper vision, sees truth stamped upon them, and only wonders at the mysterious Providence who has thus seen fit to weave the beautiful flowers of romance in the dark web of ordinary life. The life of the late Joseph Call, of Lewis, in New York, was rife with such incidents, and although it is foreign to our purpose in the present article to play the part of biographer to his memory, yet we have thought an idle hour would not be unprofitably spent in rescuing from oblivion a few desultory instances in which he displayed the great and incredible strength with which he was gifted.

Of his early childhood we know but little, except that he was the leader and champion of all the boys in his neighborhood. One incident, however, has been related to us which, although it does not show our hero in a very favorable light as a scholar, displays that peculiar trait of humor for which he was so remarkable. It seems that upon a certain occasion Joe had been guilty of a breach of the rules of school, and accordingly the worthy pedagogue called him up to administer the requisite correction. Joe, indignant at the idea of being publicly whipped, no sooner made his appearance on the stage, than seizing upon the astonished knight of the birch, as Uncle Toby did upon the fly, he incontinently flung him neck and heels out of the window, amid the uproarious shouts of his companions. As he grew older his natural joviality of disposition led him to frequent whimsical displays of physical superiority. At one time, he would lift a barrel of cider to his lips, and having satisfied his own thirst from the bunglehole, would silently behind a teamster's wagon, he would seize hold of the wheel, and suddenly bringing the team to a halt, would quietly remark, "a breathing spell to your nags, neighbor." At one period of his life, when a teamster himself, he used frequently to find his immense strength of great service, for whenever his team would happen to get set in a mud-hole he would crawl under his wagon, and placing his broad shoulders against the bottom, would raise the wagon, load and all, gradually until his horses were able to drag it forth without difficulty.

A celebrated wrestler from Albany, having heard of Joe's reputation, once made him a visit for the express purpose, as he declared, "of giving him a touch of the fancy." Joe, with his usual modesty, disclaimed all knowledge of the exercise, but upon the stranger pressing him, finally consented to "take a hold." Accordingly they grappled, the stranger throwing himself in the most scientific position, whilst Joe, pretending utter ignorance of all rule, assumed the most careless and exposed attitude. They had scarcely got fair hold when the stranger, placing his foot on Joe's toe, attempted with a sudden jerk to throw him by what is termed the "toe lock." But Joe, anticipating his movement, quietly permitted him to assume the necessary position, and then, as he stooped for a moment balancing on Joe's toe, gravely raised him into the air and danced him about as a mother would her child.

On one occasion, Joe, happening to spend a night at St. Johns, as he sat in the bar-room of the hotel where he stopped, the conversation turned upon wrestling. Joe, being an entire stranger to the company collected, sat listening to the conversation without participating much in it. At length one individual, after relating several wonderful feats which he had accomplished, finally wound up by roundly asserting that he had thrown Joe Call. Joe, as might readily be supposed, was not a little surprised at this assertion from an entire stranger and, in that spirit of fun which always prompted him, exclaimed: "Why, you'd swallow a common man! I should like to take hold of you myself, if you would promise not to hurt me." The braggadoio instantly accepted the proposition, and they took hold. Joe, with scarcely an effort, raised him from the floor and, holding him out at arm's length, said to him: "There, wrestle!" The astonished wrestler could only cry: "Who—who the deuce are you?" The man you threw, Joe Call, at your service, sir!"

But the most remarkable feat which Joe ever performed was on the occasion of an incidental wrestling match, which occurred between himself and another individual, during the late war, at Plattsburgh. It seems that in the British camp was a celebrated English bullock whose massive strength and great skill, both as a pugilist and wrestler, made him the terror as well as champion of the army. Joe happening one day to be in the English camp on some errand or other, it was soon noised about, and some of the officers by chance getting wind of it, and also hearing of his great strength, determined to bring about a match between this Yankee Hercules and their bullock. Accordingly, having brought them together, it was proposed to Joe that they should have a "set to." But Joe, who was anything but quarrelsome, and whose natural nobility of character placed him altogether above any thing of the kind, peremptorily declined the match, asserting at the same time that

he presumed the Englishman would throw him with the greatest ease, as he professed no skill whatever. To this the bullock sneeringly replied that he could not only throw him, but any other cursed Yankee they would bring on. This fling at the Yankees nettled Joe at once, for, although conscious of his own strength, he cared little what taunts might be applied to his own person, yet when his nation came to be the object of such remarks, his blood boiled at once, and he determined, right or wrong, to show the sneering bullock that Yankee prowess was not to be lightly esteemed. Yielding to his patriotic feelings he immediately announced his willingness, and they "took hold." The first trial was at what is termed "arms' length," and Joe soon found that his antagonist was no "carpet knight" to be handled in the gingerly manner with which it had been his wont to treat his opponents of the ring. At the first onset Joe was brought to his knee. Immediately springing up, he confessed himself fairly "fired," and then requested that they should take a trial at back-hold. To this the bullock assented. We have seen this time he never could discover any difference in the strength of men; but that now he felt he must exert all his power. Seizing hold of his antagonist he bowed himself with all his strength and squeezed the vain boaster to his breast. The Englishman gave one shriek, his arms loosed their hold, his whole frame quivered, and when Joe released him from his grasp the bullock, with eyes protruding and blood gushing from his nostrils, dealt at his feet!—Chicago Herald.

### HAD TO FOOT THE BILL.

A French Nobleman Compelled to Pay His Wife's Dressmaker.

A certain nobleman named Comte de Chambrun, says an English paper, spent last winter at Nice, accompanied by his amiable and fascinating but somewhat expensive better half. The Count seems to have been a gentleman of an economical turn of mind. Long experience has taught him that one of the first actions which his wife might be expected to perform when she arrived at any new place was to visit the local modistes, coiffeurs, jewelers and other tradespeople, who devote themselves to the pleasing task of making the human form divine still diviner, and to run up a tremendous bill with each of them. What could the aggrieved and possibly impetuous French nobleman do to place a check on the extravagance of his domestic establishment? He sent a notification round to all the chief tradespeople at the southern paradise that he would not be answerable for articles supplied to his wife beyond an amount which he specified, and which was certainly small—not more than a few hundred francs. This mode of proceeding is not altogether unknown in England, and when it is resorted to we can well believe that only severe necessity prompts the commission of such a very unconjugal act. Practically it was a declaration of war by the Count against the wife of his bosom, but neither the Countess nor her tradespeople seems to have taken any notice of her husband's warning. After the lapse of a month or two he was not pleasantly surprised to receive a "little bill" from his wife's dressmaker at Nice, amounting to some six thousand francs—a claim which he refused to pay. In an action brought before the Nice civil tribunal the economical Count gained the victory, which certainly shows a great deal of judicial impartiality, as such a decision must have been given in the teeth of the public opinion of the whole trading community of the place. The disappointed dressmaker then appealed, and here she met with more success. The Appeal Court at Aix decided in her favor, and the President, in pronouncing judgment for her claim, gave utterance to some truly remarkable sentiments. He said that it was the duty of a husband to do more than merely provide his wife with clothes to her back; he was bound also to "embellish" her. A modiste who supplied a wife with fashionable garments which ministered to this process of embellishment was merely doing her duty—or, rather, she was doing the husband's duty for him—and had a right to charge accordingly. Then the extremely gallant Judge, who must assuredly be a thorough "lady's man" at Aix, proceeded to argue that a desire for embellishment on a wife's part was not a selfish aspiration at all. A married couple go to a dinner or a ball together. Each shines with the reflected glory of the other. The gentleman benefits directly in the good opinion of everybody present from the fact that his wife can boast a becoming toilet. Therefore, even viewing the matter from the low stand-point of the husband's own interests, he ought not to object to any thing which "satisfies the dignity and legitimate pride" of his consort. So at least thinks the French judge who decided in favor of the dressmaker and against the Count.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

### Understood English.

A lady tells the following snake story. Going through the reptile department of the Jardin des Plantes with a party escorted by a distinguished French savant, they stopped before the cage of a large rattlesnake. The snake lay motionless, apparently asleep. Delaying behind their party, Mrs. Clark and a friend began to speak in English. To their surprise the snake moved, lifted its head and gave every sign of interest in their conversation. When they rejoined their party they remarked that the snake understood English. The whole party then returned to the cage. The snake was apparently asleep again. They conversed in French, but the snake made no movement; then the ladies began to speak in English. The snake started, lifted its head, and showed the same alertness as before at the sounds. The rattlesnake proved, on inquiry, to have come from Virginia.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Writing a letter is, to many people, an irksome task, but it isn't half so irksome as it is to hear a lawyer reading your letter aloud five years afterward in open court.—Journal of Education.

### HONESTY AND HYPOCRISY.

The True Voice and Sentiments of Ex-Confederate and Union Veterans.

An occasion like the reception of Confederate veterans in Boston on Bunker Hill day, with its striking interchange of friendly feeling and patriotic sentiment, puts to shame the paltry practices of politicians, now thrust upon our attention on every hand in anticipation of the Presidential campaign of next year. The Old Dominion and the old Bay State, the two foremost Commonwealths of the revolution, which were also prominent and representative States of the antagonism of our civil war, were here in perfect accord. The soldiers of Robert E. Lee and of Grant, with wives, sisters, daughters and cousins in their company, were the honored guests of John A. Andrew Post of the Grand Army, and were escorted around Boston by other Grand Army posts and Union veteran associations, and fed in Faneuil Hall. The platform where they sat was decorated with the State shields of Massachusetts and Virginia. The invited guests numbered men of distinction on the battle-field, in Congress and in various walks of public and of business life on both sides of the old line of division. But there was not a word of division uttered; not a hostile emotion found vent. It could not have been the mere courtesy of the occasion that inspired the enthusiastic tone of the utterances.

Comrade Harrison Hume, of the Andrew Post, as toastmaster of the banquet, began a singularly impressive address by quoting the words of a Virginian: "That there is some thing higher than the Confederate soldier—the Federal soldier—it is the brotherhood of brave men." And he declared that now, in Faneuil Hall: "New England offers you the hand which straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered Lee at Appomattox." She meant it, said the speaker; and "if there be some with us as with you, who, having 'learned nothing and forgotten nothing,' to satisfy their mad ambition would fan anew the flames of strife and discord, would doubt what I have said, the boys who wore the blue, who bared their bosoms to the storm of battle, will tell you that I speak the words of truth and soberness." He addressed the guests as "Comrades of the Gray," and bade them remember when on the heights of Fredericksburg they beat back the hopeless assaults of the Union army; he reminded the "Comrades of the Blue" of the assault of Pickett at Gettysburg, to the moment when "the limit of human endurance has been reached, . . . and the most magnificent charge in the annals of war has passed into history." Then he said:

Comrades of the Gray, you have failed, for the all-wise God of battles decreed that the American Union should be one and indivisible; you then and there wrote your names on the page of history as the "bravest of our country." Do I presume too much when I say that as you stood to-day upon this great metropolitan of New England, . . . while near you were beautiful cities and villages, where freedom and knowledge and morals and religion are the brightest of all; near you were Concord and Lexington, where the "unbattered farmers stood," and "where was fired the shot heard round the world," and near you that ancient university, under whose shadow Washington, to whom Virginia gave birth, of whose fame all other States are proud to claim a share, first drew his sword in command of American armies;—do you, too, exclaim: "God governs in the affairs of men. These, these are my brethren; and this, oh! this, too, is my country."

It was the true voice of the North that spoke through the lips of Comrade Hume, and the South knows it; politicians with their "mad ambition" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nor is there any doubt in the North as to the true voice of the South. We all know perfectly well that the South has turned over a new leaf, and that it is going to stay there. There is not left in the whole stretch of the former slave States a corporal's guard of men who do not know that the Nation is henceforth and forever above the State; the war settled it, and none of them wish it were otherwise, none of them want slavery back again, they are all faced to the front. The speech of John Goode, of Virginia, emphasized and reiterated that fact. For the very purpose of emphasizing it he recalled how all through the war Virginia was a battle-field, and "almost every house a hospital," and when it ended there was nothing left but the soil. But, he declared, when any man supposes that Virginia, the mother of Henry, of Jefferson, of Mason, of Madison, of Marshall, of Washington—does not love the Union, "he is most egregiously mistaken." "We are ready to grasp hands," he said, "with the men of Massachusetts in starting our country upon a new career of prosperity." These are honest words, and the men that utter such words when they are visiting here, under the influence of hospitality, talk the same way when they are at home and the occasion rises. The Northern men who go South will all vouch for this; it is only the politicians who lie about it.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### THE SOUTHERN FLAGS.

After-Thoughts Which Appeal Forcefully to an Intelligent Mind.

Now that there is no danger of the battle flags being returned, we may perhaps carefully discuss the whole situation in regard to them. We have held from the first that it would be a great mistake to return them. We should rather have all the battle flags of both sides turned over to the United States Government, not to be put away where they would decay and do nobody any good, but to be kept and preserved from decay, as mementoes of a past age, when the present age becomes a past age.

In the heat of the moment a good deal has been said which those who read it would now be glad to recall. There is no occasion for any deadly strife over the matter. There was no "plot" of any kind. No Southern State has imperiously demanded its battle flags.

The leading Southern newspaper, the

Louisville Courier-Journal, expresses the Southern sentiment on the matter in the following way:

Nobody in the South, certainly no Southern soldier or Confederate soldier, cares a nickel whether the battle-flags be returned or not. If there is a single soldier in the North who would return them as trophies, he is well come to all the glory and all the display which they can recall to his mind or bring to his heart. To us they mean nothing whatever. As soldiers, they betoken no greater loss on the side of the North than on that of the South, and, to a sound and healthy understanding, it is inconceivable how their possession can be a matter of moment or concern to any patriotic bosom. As well might we rejoice in the preservation and exhibition of the bloody paraphernalia of the hospital or the rotting remnants of the grave.

All of which is very sensible. The South has no need of the battle-flags. We have said that they should be kept as mementoes of a mighty struggle. Perhaps it is better that they should rot away in the vaults of the War Department. So far as we are concerned we have no use for them, one way or the other, preferring to turn our minds to the victories that Peace has, no less than War.

It has been the history of mankind in general, and no less of modern man, that the issues of the present have been less potent than the issues of the past. Humanity is always a generation behind its own interest. We boast of the progress and the discoveries of our age. So did our fathers. But why did they fathers, and why did ours, leave so many things to be discovered? Because they were always fooling away their time on just such ancient out-of-date nonsense as this battle-flag out-die.

If half the thought and energy that has been bestowed on a victory already securely won had been devoted to the new conquests needing, and sadly needing to be won, the world would be much further advanced than it is to-day. But it seems the fate of human beings to be always excited about every thing else except what concerns them. For this reason more than any other they grovel and toil and suffer.

The moment they learn some sense and forget all about war and its follies and agonies they will begin to prosper, and the prosperity will become general. What is the matter with Europe to-day? Every nation there is imbued with exactly the same instinct, and no other, that animates the Republican party of this country. It is the instinct of war. This war feeling leads to big armies, and big army expenses. The result is that the industrious toiler is crushed to the earth.

On this side the war feeling does not result in big armies, because it is so plainly evident that they are not needed. But it disturbs our politics, and leads to their being cast on lines entirely inconsistent with the best interests of the country. Instead of thinking about the matters of to-day we are kept constantly in agitation about the securely-settled matters of a generation ago. Greater folly could not even be dreamed of.—Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.

### WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

—William E. Chandler is the Red Shirt of the American Sioux.—Boston Globe.

—There is to be in the near future a terrible rivalry between Senator Sherman and General Fairchild. Sherman's bloody shirt has somewhat lost its novelty, but those three kinds of palsy which the General keeps in his waistcoat pocket are "gems of purest ray serene."—N. Y. Herald.

—The Presidential boom of Old Solidity Allison, the Dubuque heavy-weight, may properly enough be described as a contingent remainder. That is, it is contingent upon Mr. Blaine's having no use for his own boom and handing the leavings of it to the Iowa. Mr. Allison has no present vested interest, but his expectations are fine.—N. Y. Sun.

—The rate at which New York and Brooklyn Republicans are forsaking that party and joining the Democracy, threatens to depopulate the bloody shirt organization. The absurdity of raking up issues that were settled more than a quarter of a century ago, evidently does not meet the approval of the more intelligent adherents of the party of "great moral ideas."—Lockport (N. Y.) Union.

—There is no mistaking the state of the National mind so far as all attempts to revive sectionalism are concerned. The people will not have it. Whether it is Sherman in Ohio, Tuttle in Iowa, Rosser in Virginia or Fairchild in Wisconsin, every effort to blow the embers of the old strife into a flame is received with a general public indifference that is simply chilling.—Boston Globe.

—The wild and ferocious war-whoop of Mr. Halstead, the Cincinnati man who didn't go to the war, but who wanted Sherman turned out of the army for insanity and Grant for drunkenness, and who wanted somebody to take Abraham Lincoln by the heels and beat his brains out against a wall, is heard even above the frenzied screech of Foraker, Fairchild and Private Dalzell. The flag incident has been as salt upon his abraded cuticle. The bellowing of the casual kind of the pennyroyal variety has not been so acute since the stock of fodder gave out in 1884.—N. Y. World.

—The Fairchilds, Tuttle, Halsteads and Forakers of disunionism might study, with profit, the words of Edmund Burke: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate clink, while thousands of great cattle reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or, that, after all, they are other than the little shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour."—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

—A young man having refused to give aims to an importunate beggar, his companion said: "You might as well give that vagabond all you've got, Tom. It won't make any difference a hundred years hence; to which Tom replied: 'Won't it, though, my boy? Why, it will make a hundred years difference at the very least.'—N. Y. Ledger.

### THE PEACEMAKER.

Description of the Most Successful Submarine Boat Ever Constructed.

The American boat Peacemaker has, however, created the greatest sensation in the nautical world. Like most of her kind, she is cigar-shaped, with thinned ends, and when seen floating on the surface of the ocean, somewhat resembles a capsized yacht. She is thirty feet long, eight feet beam and seven feet six inches depth of hold; and has a shell-plating seven-eighths of an inch thick, well stiffened, so as to withstand the greatest probable pressure of water. Her crew consists of a helmsman and an engineer, who obtain admission into the hold by a small manhole, which is then closed with a closely fitting lid. A dome projecting from the upper surface of the hull is fitted with glass windows, to enable the helmsman, who stands with his head in this raised space, to make good the course when the vessel is not submerged. These feeble parts are protected from injury by a kind of crest, which runs fore and aft, thus giving her the peculiar appearance to which we have previously referred. Some sleeves, fashioned from impermeable material, are fixed behind and on each side of the dome, so that the helmsman may readily apply the torpedoes at the most opportune moment by inserting his hands into the sleeves. Compressed air is stored up in tubes fixed to her sides; and it is proposed to absorb the carbonic acid and all other deleterious products of combustion by chemical means. She is lit up by electricity and propelled by a steam-engine of fourteen horse-power, having its boiler surrounded by an iron jacket, like one iron pot inside of another, inclosing between it and the boiler a saturated solution of caustic soda, which possesses great heating power when water-vapor is passed into it. The funicular railways of America avail themselves of the same method, and thus avoid smoke and dirt. Instead of permitting the steam to escape into the atmosphere, it is condensed inside the jacket containing the caustic soda. The latent heat of the steam is set free by condensation, and adds itself to the heat of the dissolution of caustic soda in water. This system may be compared to a boiler in which the caustic soda replaces the combustible, and the vapor performs the part of the oxygen of the air which feeds the furnaces. When it is wished to get under way, the boiler is first filled with water heated to the boiling-point, and the soda solution is put inside the jacket at a temperature of about two hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit. The result of a recent trial trip was very satisfactory, for she is said to have attained a velocity of eight miles an hour when well submerged, and to be capable of retreating this rate of travel for several hours. Her submersion is effected by filling her ballast-tanks with water; and she is raised by working a rudder which is movable about a horizontal axis. A pressure-gauge indicates the depth to which the boat has descended, and, owing to the position of the center of gravity, there is no tendency to "turn turtle." The torpedoes are fastened to her sides, tied each to the other with a cord. An external covering of cork renders them buoyant; and they are furnished with electro-magnets so that they may adhere to the bottom of the vessel destined for destruction. The arrangement is such that, when let go from the Peacemaker, by the helmsman inserting his arms into the before-mentioned impermeable sleeves, a continuous current circulates.

The results leave little to be desired so far as they go; but it would be premature to follow the Americans in their extravagant praise until further trials have been made under varying conditions. Admiral Porter, of the United States navy, is firmly of the opinion that with six such submarine boats he could either drive off or sink any hostile fleet bent on attacking New York. Professor Tuck, the designer of this sarcastically named boat, says that he can construct a full-sized, powerful submarine steamship which shall navigate the waters between Dover and Calais without causing any of that *mal de mer* which renders the passage of the "silver streak" so objectionable to landsmen. Probably, pleasure-seekers or Cook's tourists would prefer to suffer than to risk evils which they know not of.—Chambers Journal.

### A Monster Stone Dam.

A remarkable dam is about to be constructed by a water company at the San Mateo canyon, four miles from San Mateo, Cal., in order to form a reservoir. The canyon is very narrow and steep, and fifteen feet below the bottom is a solid rock, on which the foundation of the dam will rest. The structure will be 170 feet high, 175 feet wide at the base, 20 feet at the top and 700 feet in length. It will be the largest stone dam ever known to have been built. The dike will have a curvature of eighty feet and the convex side will be up stream. The material will be a new sort of concrete composed of stone. The walls will be perfectly smooth. The reservoir that will be formed by it and the adjacent hills, will be about eight miles in length and 150 feet deep at the deepest places. Its capacity will be about 32,000,000 gallons. The water will be conveyed by tunnels to the city of San Francisco.—San Francisco Call.

### The Care of the Ear.

Under ordinary conditions the healthy ear does not need to be protected from cold; only during extreme cold or stormy or rainy weather ought cotton wool to be inserted into children's ears especially. The same precaution must be taken in the case of every ear predisposed to inflammation. All persons whose membranes are perforated ought to protect their ears with cotton wool. The entrance of cold fluids into any ear must always be prevented; and so, while bathing or diving the ear ought to be plugged. Patients with perforations of the membrane should be very careful in this respect, as violent inflammation may be caused by the entrance of cold water.—Medico-Chirurgical Journal.

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